PS
3527
058C3
1911

# THE CAMEO SHELL
AND
# OTHER POEMS

JAMES NORTH

Class PS3527
Book .Q58C3
Copyright No. 1911

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE

# CAMEO SHELL

AND

# OTHER POEMS

BY

DR. JAMES NORTH

Author of

"Poems on Shakespeare"
"Atlantic City in Picture and Poem"
"The Mischief Love Hath Done
and Other Poems"

SELECTED BY

CORA MARGUERITE NORTH

1911

TS 3527
.058 C3
1911

$1.00

Copyright, by
Dr. James North,
1911
All Rights Reserved.

©Cl. A286302

WMP 28 Ref 34

INSCRIBED

TO J. ADDISON JOY, M.D.

# CONTENTS.


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| The Cameo Shell | 7 |
| Cathedral of Milan | 8 |
| The Steeds of Apollo | 9 |
| If? | 10 |
| Through a Window | 11 |
| Arise, My Love | 12 |
| Ghosts | 13 |
| The Dryad | 15 |
| The Cherry Trees | 16 |
| The Arno | 18 |
| Thy Kiss | 19 |
| The Dancer | 20 |
| To Helen of Troy | 22 |
| Autumn Days | 23 |
| Bay of Naples | 25 |
| Philomel | 27 |
| The Fair Jehane | 29 |
| Isadora,—Isabella | 31 |
| The Faun | 33 |
| Among My Books | 35 |
| The Nautch Girl | 37 |
| The Kings of Munster | 39 |
| Tempest and Calm | 41 |
| Off Circe's Isle | 44 |
| Kismet | 47 |
| The Court of Alhamar | 50 |
| The Sirens | 53 |

## THE CAMEO SHELL.

First cast upon the shore from tropic seas;
By homesick sailor to his loved one brought,
Still ringing with its inborn melodies;
The pearly splendor of its surface caught
The eyes of one who loved it for itself,
And treasured it as miser hoards his pelf,
Till Death should play the liberator's part.
Then sold again, it came unto the mart
And young Cellini saw the rosy shell,
Where trembled hues of pearl and asphodel.
By cunning hand beneath his graver grew
The tragic scene of mad Electra's woe,
Imbued with Grecian life in miniature
On vagrant shell. O wondrous cameo!

## CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.

I saw it first, when twilight drew her veil
Of misty shadows round the marble spires
In weird enchantment. As I gazed, I dreamed
Each pinnacle a finger was, that seemed
To mark against the purpling sky the trail
Of night-awaking stars, whose distant fires
Were signaling to the white angels high.
Against a background of pale roseate sky
The full-orbed moon swung in effulgent light,
Turning to silver-grey the robes of Night,
And piercing through the flowing tracery
Wove on the pave a wondrous tapestry
Of moving leaf and flower, of vine and scroll,
Out of which grew the pure and perfect whole.

## THE STEEDS OF APOLLO.

The rosy fingers of the Dawn
  Have opened wide the gates of light,
And Phœbus in his flaming car
  Is riding 'gainst the hosts of Night.
Upward his straining coursers speed
  Till their hoofs smite the empyrean rocks,
While backward like a comet streams
  The splendor of his golden locks.

Then down the dizzy heights they spring,
  No curb to stay their headlong way,
The sun-dust of their fearful race
  Rolls o'er the portals of the day.
On through the banks of amber clouds
  They pass beyond the daylight-bars,
Their footprints on the backward track
  Gleam in the glory of the stars.

## IF ?

Were you a blooming hawthorn tree,
And I a love-lorn linnet,
I'd quickly fly, my love, to you,
Nor would I wait a minute.
If you were just a hawthorn tree,
And I a love-lorn linnet.

Were you a blithesome bird of spring,
And I a blooming flower,
I'd watch, and wait, and wish for you,
Each moment, minute, hour.
If you were just a bird of spring,
And I a blooming flower.

But you are now a maiden sweet,
And I'm a lonesome lover.
Perhaps 'tis best you're not a bloom,
Or I a bird to hover;
If you will only be my dear,
And let me be your lover.

## THROUGH A WINDOW.

Without, the heaven bossed with stars,
All checkered by the window-bars
  That stripe with black the yellow moon.

Within, the dance's rhythmic din
Pierced by the wail of violin,
  And ghostly groan of the bassoon.

Without, the shadow-haunted street,
With muffled tread of passing feet,
  Coming, who cares?—going, who knows?

Within, the flare of candles red,
And sickening scent of flowers dead,
  The poppy and the tuberose.

Without, the river's cruel swirl,
The pallid face, the matted curl,
  The gurgling breath.

Within, the arms that cling and twine,
The broken glass, the dregs of wine,
  The kiss of sin and death.

## ARISE, MY LOVE.

Arise, my love, the East is breaking,
The lark is on the wing,
While Phœbus, from his dreams awaking,
Takes up his wandering.
Oh hasten, love, and we'll away
To greet the coming of the day.

In yonder grove the turtle cooing,
Makes love unto his mate.
Come hasten, love, and we'll be wooing,
Love to ingratiate
Ere Morning's dimpled feet shall pass
To brush the dew from off the grass.

Ah, love! I sigh at thy delaying,
I long thy lips to greet
With kisses, all thy gifts repaying,
And making joy complete.
Come, Phyllis fair, and May with me,
Nor keep me waiting long for thee.

## GHOSTS.

High in the heavens the crescent moon,
With one pale satellite,
Like phantom ship with silvery sails,
Ploughs through the purple night;
And every breaking wave is tipped
With phosphorescence bright.

Between the moaning bar and shore,
The sea is inky black;
Beyond, the scintillating beams
Of moonlight make a track
Down which the waves that fail to climb
Seem to be falling back.

The sand-dunes lie like sheeted ghosts
Along the curving beach;
The stunted cedars bend and wave
Like mutes who strive for speech,
Or witches mad, who try in vain
Each other's throats to reach.

The night-wind moans as in distress;
  Its touch, like spirit hands,
Is cold upon the fevered cheek;
  The treacherous quicksands
Bind plodding feet as if to hold
  Them fast in prison bands.

Forebodings fill the troubled mind.
  Was that a form that fled
In clay-stained cerements enwrapped,
  And gaping wounds that bled,
Uneasy wraith which has escaped
  From mansions of the dead?

Ah, yonder stands the old stone kirk,
  All gray with clinging moss.
Praise be to Christ, whose sweat of death
  Made good our earthly loss,
For on its spire, by moonlight kissed,
  Shines out the blessed cross.

## THE DRYAD.

The dryad calls from out the leafy glade;
The drowsy shepherd lad awakes to look,
And push aside the branches with his crook,
To see what creature 'twas the music made.

And she, all smiling, looks into his eyes
From out the verdant veil that intervenes,
And half her naked beauty screens
From his dull wonderment and rapt surprise.

Swift she to flee, quick he to make pursuit,
Till panting he o'ertakes the beauteous thing;
And while her laughter makes the woodland ring,
He takes his fill of Love's delicious fruit.

Forgotten lambs, forgotten bleating kid,
Forgotten poverty and earthly cares;
He's only mindful of the joy he shares
With this fond one, within the deep wood hid.

The flocks unshepherded have sought the fold,
The night-birds tune their throats to greet the moon;
The crimson West looks like a broad lagoon,
With cloud-reared, floating islands, bright as gold.

Love knoweth naught of night or day,
When fond lips cling and arms are circling walls.
'Tis only when he hears his Phyllis' calls
That Corydon in sorrow steals away.

## THE CHERRY TREES.

Latticed against the April sky,
Spread twigs on which the new buds lie
  Just where the blooms will tempt the bees,
And catch the first warm kiss of Spring
As she draws nigh from wandering
  Through the far wold and meadow leas;
  So bud the cherry trees.

Mid rustling leaves, filled with the moan
Of purling brooks, whose minor tone
  Runs through all nature's rhapsodies,
Swing high the nests of mating birds
Whose notes of wooing are the words
  Of love told through the centuries;
  So leaf the cherry trees.

Like fairy hills of driven snows
Lit by the sunset's blush of rose,
  Distilling perfume to the breeze;
Or like the iridescent comb
Of moonlit waves, whose fleeces foam
  The strand of far Hesperides;
  So bloom the cherry trees.

To coral pink from softest green,
Then glowing with the ruby's sheen,
  Swaying to blue-bird's melodies
In minuet of upper airs,
The ripening fruit in loving pairs
  Bows low in graceful courtesies;
  So fruit the cherry trees.

## THE ARNO.

From Falterona flowing forth
To swell in foaming torrents,
The Arno runs in fret and calm
On through the heart of Florence;
On, on through smiling Tuscany,
Into the ever-waiting sea.

Royal its Apenninian birth
Among the heights eternal,
Nursed mid fair Casentino's vales,
Arezzo's blooms supernal,
Ere yet with blue Chiana wed
And on through Laterina led.

O beauteous stream! your amber waves
Are fraught with song and story,
Resplendent with the memories
Of Tuscan days and glory,
When you swept through the vineyards green
To kiss the garments of your queen.

may not see your currents run,
With this my earthly vision;
Your glories like a book that's sealed,
Must wait life's last transition.
Yet streams in paradise I know,
Will seem like thee, O fair Arno!

## THY KISS.

O lips that woo me on
Through night to pallid dawn,
And then till day has gone,
  No moment miss!
Take all my sight from me,
Till I no longer see
Through all futurity
  Aught but thy kiss.

For as I kiss the wine
From these red lips of thine,
Ecstasy half divine
  Fills me with bliss.
With thy white arms around,
Fast to thy bosom bound
I lose all sight and sound,
  All save thy kiss.

Ah, my enraptured one,
Look for no moon, no sun
By night or day high hung
  With light like this.
Flame that consumeth me!
I share my light with thee
And through eternity
  Dream of thy kiss.

## THE DANCER.

Bare limbed, with flowing drapery,
She danced in bacchic ecstasy,
A thing of grace.

The golden hair in fillet bound,
Shone like a halo floating round
Her upturned face.

So dryads danced in ancient days
Along the forest's sunlit ways
And by the streams.

And Pan his pipes in ardor blew,
And from the reeds a music drew
As sweet as dreams.

While grinning fauns, from covert screen,
Gazed through the trembling laurel green
And cypress boles

Upon the charms of limb and breast,
By every wanton breeze caressed,
Through floating folds.

By magic did the scene unfold
From Grecian vase or pictured scroll
With naught denied?

Or did I see in all her moods
The fabled dryad of the woods,
All wonder-eyed?

## TO HELEN OF TROY.

Here's to thee, O white-armed Helen!
  Would this wine were Lesbian wine
Mingled in a bowl of ivory,
  Partly spilled, to gods divine.
At my soul the past is knocking,
  As a drummer beats a drum,
And it's waking to the cadence
  Of immortal Ilium.

Were I now in far Laconia,
  I would seek thy ruined shrine
And pour a rare libation
  To thy human form, divine;
Fair-haired wife of Menelaus,
  Bride of Priam's god-like son,
Held by Trojan pride and courage
  Till by Grecian valor won.

'Twas for thee that Ilium perished
  'Mong the nations of the earth;
'Twas through thee that Agamemnon
  Won for Argos fame and worth;
But for thee, high-breasted Helen,
  Old blind Homer's lips were dumb;
So I drink, O queen of women!
  Drink to thee and Ilium.

## AUTUMN DAYS.

The boys and girls are singing
  As they gather in the hops,
The bumble-bees are buzzing
  Round the swaying clover tops,
The whistle of the bob-white
  Seems to be a bit forlorn,
In its blending with the rustle
  Of the wind amid the corn.

The brown thrush in the orchard,
  Where the red-cheeked apples hang,
Is holding a rehearsal
  Of the sweetest songs he sang
Since the first fond note he uttered
  In the growing of unrest,
When like a leaf he fluttered
  From the dear but crowded nest.

The grapes are growing purple
  Where they're hanging on the vines;
The golden wheat is waving
  Where the farmer reaps and binds;

The brooklet loudly murmurs
As it sweeps in haste along,
And adds its rippling music
To the fair hop-picker's song.

The melody and color
Of the amber autumn days,
From the far and purple mountains
To the phantom silvery haze
That hovers o'er the rivers,
Leads one up to the belief
That Nature's really blushing
In the scarlet of the leaf.

## BAY OF NAPLES.

The red sun, flaming through the rifts
  Of distant purple mountains,
Pours floods of gold mist softly down
  As from celestial fountains,
    Which rolling o'er the azure sea
    Pales it to rare chalcedony.

Beneath the sky the waters lie
  Calm in the glow of even,
Reflecting all the colors back,
  Till one asks, which is heaven?
    The villaed rocks, umber and green,
    Seem floating in the air between.

Close to her breast, like jewels pressed,
  Her siren isles are smiling:
Mid changing blues bright Ischia woos,
  And Capri fair, beguiling,
    Calls to us on the crescent shore,
    To love, to worship and adore.

Across the bay from far away,
The fishers' barks returning,
Shine in the light, some snowy white,
And some like cressets burning.
While over Ætna, hues of rose
Suffuse the sky as shadows close.

The silver moon takes up the chase
As in the ancient story,
And lights again the radiant scene
With her effulgent glory.
While lips of lovers softly sigh
"Addio, bella Napoli."

## PHILOMEL.

### I.

The sunset gilds the temple frieze
Beyond the sombre cypress trees,
While through the gentle perfumed breeze
The bleating flocks come home.

The shepherd's evening song is heard,
Mingled with tramp of lowing herd,
And forest tenants, plumed and furred,
Move through the gathering gloam.

Far in the wood the nightingale,
Unto the moon, that seems to sail
Up through the heavens, tells her tale
Of hapless Philomel.

So sad, it makes the dryads weep;
And fairies, waking from their sleep,
Forget their lovers' tryst to keep
In bowers of asphodel.

## II.

And I, who walked the woodland way,
Remembered well the nest of clay
Wherein her sister Procne lay,
  Beneath the shepherd's eaves.

And once be-thought me in my walk,
I saw the sickle-winged hawk
Untiringly the swallow stalk,
  Amid the shadowy sheaves.

And as I heard the bird complain,
My lips, on which the seal of pain
Had long been set, were freed again;
  My palsied tongue found word.

And though my sorrowing plaint was brief,
It seemed to bring my soul relief;
It lightened it to share its grief,
  If only with a bird.

## THE FAIR JEHANE.

"I am a pilgrim, maid Jehane,
From Holy Land, I be."
"If you know aught of Sir Gaston,
I pray you tell it me."

"I know Sir Gaston well, Jehane,
His prowess in chivalrye."
"With him away, my gallant knight,
The days drag wearilye."

"He does not love you, fair Jehane,
I know for certaintye."
"I deem you are mistaken, sir,
I know his loyaltye."

"He is not true to you, Jehane,
He's all inconstancye."
"Why, here I have his ring of troth—
Of his fidelitye."

"But he has gone away, Jehane,
And stays far o'er the sea."
"Only to save Christ's sepulchre,
From Pagan infamye."

"He will not marry you, Jehane,
I make the prophecye."
"We have been married now, good sir,
A year past yesterdaye."

"But I love you myself, Jehane,
And I have wealth in fee."
"And I have but this slender blade,
'Sdeath! I give it thee."

"Oh! You have killed me quite, Jehane.
I am thy husband! See!"
"Ah! Then this dagger does for both,
We'll die in companye."

Oh woeful tale of fair Jehane,
And her tried constancye.
May Christ forgive her and absolve—
Who died upon the tree.

## ISADORA,—ISABELLA.

Isadora of Brabant
  Was my love when I was young.
I, alas! was no gallant,
  Spite of that, her praise I sung;
Happy in each smile she'd grant,
  I was hers and she was mine.
  Thorns and roses do combine,
Though I like the former scant.
Isadora of Brabant
  Was my love when I was young.

Isabella of Castile
  Was my love when I was young.
All the love I would conceal
  Quickly from my lips she wrung
In the heat of lover's zeal.
  Daughter she of haughty Don
  Wived to Ann of Aragon.
To her memory now I kneel;
Isabella of Castile
  Was my love when I was young

Isadora of Brabant,
  Fairer than the morning light;
Isabella of Castile,
  Darker than the starlit night,

Flemish lily, dew pendant,
  Spanish poppy, rich in hue,
  Yet, alas! I never knew,
Though on their charms I did descant,
Where I loved best, in Brabant
  Or Castile, with most delight.

I no burgher am, I trow,
  Prone to ale, e'en to abuse,
Less a son of Spain, although
Given to wine of Andaluse;
Yet to beauty bend I low,
  Flaxen haired or ebon curled.
  I, a traveler o'er the world,
Picked these twain from all I know,
  Loved or not, nor make excuse.

Pilgrim in the Holy Land,
  Penitent beside the shrine:
Wanderer through the desert sand,
  Dweller by the castled Rhine;
I have woman's features scanned
  For but one to match with these,
  But the task which seemed as ease,
Is not accomplished as I planned,
Only power of magic wand
  Could the charms of such combine.

## THE FAUN.

Deep in a recess of the wood,
Behind a leafy screen I stood
In love forlorn,
And saw amid the boughs appear
A slanting eye, a hairy ear,
A pointed horn.

I held my breath for fear the thing
Would hear it too, and, vanishing
From sight, be gone
Ere I the truth could realize,
That I had seen with open eyes,
A very Faun.

Then from the brook that near him crept
O'er mossy stones, a creature stept,
And smiling stood,
With woman's form and beauty rare,
Clothed in the splendor of her hair:
A dryad of the wood.

Prone on the grass beneath the trees,
The young Faun threw himself at ease,
His pipes unstrung.

And 'neath the notes that seemed entranced,
Before him there the dryad danced,
The flowers among.

Like lily swaying in the breeze,
Like shadows darting through the trees
Before the sun,
She marked the time with perfect grace,
And bent on him her smiling face
As round she spun.

Then light as thistle-down she sank
Beside the young Faun on the bank,
In amorous ease.
As in his arms her form he pressed,
The blushing sun slid down the West
Behind the trees.

## AMONG MY BOOKS.

When I sit among my books
  At the quiet end of day,
Come to me as in a dream,
  Tales of François Rabelais.
    All his romance lives again,
    Fraught with glamour of Touraine.

Their dim titles, quaint and old,
  Brightening in the sunset ray,
Seem to beckon, I arise,
  But Lucretius bids me stay.
    Back I sink into my chair
    Held as if by magic there.

How I fondle many a tome,
  Clothed in leather—russet-brown,
All embossed and richly tooled
  By old masters of renown:
    Aldus Manutius, and Grolier.
    On their title-leaves appear

Many names by scholars prized,
That the world doth scarcely know.
Others are our household words,
Dante and Boccaccio,
Or the mystic Golden Ass,
Of long dead Apuleius.

Mould of cloisters to them clings,
Perfume of some chatelaine;
Phantoms of the flowers pressed—
Stars where tears have left a stain;
Mist of mountains, dew of vales,
Whispering of hidden tales.

Here a dusty parchment scroll,
There an ancient palimpsest,
With a missal all illumed,
And a glowing jewelled crest;
Now a tome with clasp and chain
Never to be slave again.

When I sit among my books,
At the quiet end of day,
Come to me as in a dream,
Tales of François Rabelais.
All his romance lives again,
Fraught with glamour of Touraine.

## THE NAUTCH GIRL.

With no raiment bedight
As she moves in the nautch,
As she gleams on the sight
Through the stillness of night
By the flickering light
Of a yellow-flamed torch;
'Twixt her form and the sight
There is only the sheen
Of her jewels, so bright
With their red glow and green,
That one's vision they scorch.

With a crown on her head
Like an idol of old,
And her bosoms close wed
With a ruby blood-red;
The rhythmical tread
Of her feet on the mould,
Like a melody fled,
Haunts the mind, or the dream
Of a lotus-bloom fed
By the mists of the stream
And the sunbeams of gold.

With sinuous grace
Like a lily she sways,
And the pride of her race
That no care can erase
Shining forth from her face.
The torchlight that plays
Like a spirit in chase
Of another that flies
Through the infinite space,
From the light of her eyes
Borrows sentient rays.

The o'erarching sky,
Like a limpid lagoon
Where the star islands lie,
Seems transparent and nigh.
Through the cypress trees high,
We can see the pale moon
Like a ship sailing by;
And we drink in the whole
With the amorous sigh
Of a love-sated soul
In ecstasy's swoon.

## THE KINGS OF MUNSTER.

The Kings of Munster,
They were the ones to
  Fight for Erin
  Through woe or weal.
In knightly splendor
They did defend her
  By deeds of valor—
  With hearts of steel.

Through bout and wassail,
In Tara's castle
  They lived and loved
  The long years through;
Save when the sighting
Of Danes brought fighting,
  And victory won
  Them peace anew.

There in the great hall
They sat in state all,
  When winter came
  And bleak winds blew;
While foaming beakers
Awaited seekers,
  And up the chimney
  The red flames flew.

Neath steaming cauldron,
The big logs, hauled on
By straining churls,
Burned bright and fast;
While scent of roasting,
Of boil and toasting,
Told of the feast
To come at last.

Then minstrels stringing
Their harps, and singing
Their stirring songs,
Of lord and dame,
Wove through the story
Of Celtic glory,
The pride and splendor
Of Erin's name.

Dear Erin weeping,
Thy vigils keeping
For days returning,
Long dead to you!
With dreams you cherished
Your kings have perished,
Munster forgets
Brian Boru.

## TEMPEST AND CALM.

The wind came down through forest ways,
  Like rush of Cossack horde;
The lightning gleamed above the boughs,
  As gleams a swinging sword;
    The thunder-drums of heaven rolled,
    While whirling rain-clouds, fold on fold,
    Shook out their waters cold.

The forest ways were dark as night,
  The coppice darker yet;
The tree trunks stood in hurtling rain,
  Like tree trunks cut from jet;
    The gaunt wolf crouching in his lair
    Snapped at the sudden gusts of air,
    At phantom dangers lurking there.

Then all was still. In breath-drawn hush
  The tempest halting stood;
A mighty wall of wind upreared
  And fell upon the wood.
    Shrieking as if they were in pain,
    The hoary monarchs bowed again
    To storm's relentless rain.

Again the brow of heaven was seared
With nature's blinding flash;
The giant of the mighty wood
Fell with a mortal gash;
Mid pandemonium's wildest sound
His fellows stood in awe around
The monarch on the ground.

Then over all a sound like hoofs
When phantom huntsmen ride,
Or grim Attila's spectral hordes
Flee up the mountain side.
The dust of rain came rolling back
Along the conquering tempest's track,
Across the ruin's wrack.

Then forth as from the curtain drawn
Of heaven's o'erreaching tent,
The sun appeared in armor bright
With glowing shield argent;
'Neath cloud-lit banners wide unfurled
He o'er the stricken, panting world
His jeweled javelins hurled.

A flood of light fell on the wood
With light's melodious sound;
The daisied meadows smoothed their robes,
The mountains set their crowns;
Again the trees their branches tossed
O'er shallow pools all ferned and mossed,
And streams in caverns lost.

The birds returned to swaying boughs,
Their joyful throats attune,
Fair flowers decked the meads and vales
With richest hues of June;
Against the heavens, arching vast,
The sun its bow of promise cast;—
The ruthless storm had passed.

## OFF CIRCE'S ISLE.

Then the storm shrank at the dawning,
  And the crested sea grew red
Like a savage creature fawning
Low before its master's warning;
The tempest, from the morning
  In its terror shrieked and fled,
Fled amid the echoing laughter
Of the shades that followed after,
  Like a trooping of the dead.

O'er the dark sea they went sailing
  In the black and hollow ship.
Through the shrouds the wind was wailing;
Far behind a wake was trailing,
Made by silvery bubbles, paling
  'Gainst the beak and rudder-lip;
Kissed by prow and spurned by rudder,
White as milk from sea-cow's udder
  That the hungry sea-calves sip.

And the banks of rowers shifting
  To the swelling muscle strain,
All the dripping oars were lifting,
As if they rare pearls were sifting

In the light from sea caves drifting
Upward through the surging main.
Then there came a sound like dirges
High above the roaring surges,
In a ceaseless, sad refrain:

"Not for thee, O great Ulysses!
Is the fate, by Neptune planned;
Though around thee each wave hisses,
Thy great self his vengeance misses,
Sailing on to Circe's kisses
In a fair and pleasant land.
There, her white arms round thee gleaming,
Days shall pass in love and dreaming,
While the hours round thee stand."

"Now before thee Ææa's lying
Like an island of the blest.
To her bower go thou, hieing
Where sweet lips frame no denying
To the love thine own are sighing,
On her couch of joy and rest.
Of her wild beasts have no fearing
When they in their hate uprearing
Place their paws upon thy breast."

"For with thee her magic's harmless;
There's no virtue in her wand,
And the web she weaves is charmless.
Other victims, bound and armless,

Of her wounds may suffer balmless;
  But for thee the only bond
Is the bond that Love is weaving,
And with her must be the grieving
  Of a heart that's overfond."

Then the voices died in distance,
  And the turbulent dark sea
Seemed to offer no resistance
To the rowers' stern insistence,
And the firm, god-like persistence
  In a course that needs must be.
Then the tall ship onward bore them,
Till the hallowed night came o'er them,
And they anchored, while before them
  Lay the weird futurity.

## KISMET.

He was a knight of great renown,
  While I was a poor esquire;
He fought in the fore at Agincourt
  And I by his side was there;
He slew a score with his trusty lance,
  I saw his prowess as in a trance,
For I was but a poor esquire
  And he was a peer of France.

And yet we loved the selfsame one,
  A lady of high degree;
The King had named her for his bride,
  The same Love did for me.
When brave King Henry won the field,
  My lord he fell, I would not yield,
I seized his sword and fought alone
  Behind his blazoned shield.

The threefold lilies in argent set,
  Were redder than the sun
That hangs in the sky of Brittany,
  Ere the autumn days are done;

The sword was nicked and ran with blood,
All flecked with foam like a wintry flood,
While many a corpse low at my feet
Was trampled in the mud.

"Vive le roi!" I cried and smote,
My muscles grew as steel;
The English girt me round as a wall,
Their hot breaths I could feel;
Like a flail of fate my good sword fell,
And I fought like a demon chained in hell.
Till all around me it grew as night,
And I sank in a fainting spell.

When fortune opened mine eyes again
I lay in a silken tent.
'Twas the lady's face so well beloved
That over mine own was bent;
While the monarchs stood at the open door,
Mouthing my deeds of valor o'er,
And the lady lisped with smiling face,
"That I was her knight forevermore."

My lord who fell—peace to his soul—
Was the last of a noble race;
The King when he knighted me with sword
Said, "You shall fill his place,
The shield he carried, you shall bear;
May the argent lilies blooming there
Never be tarnished save by blood
Of our foes, while in your care."

He was a knight of great renown,
  While I was a poor esquire;
We fought together at Agincourt,
  And the Sisters of Fate were there.
He fought like a god mid the gay gallants,
  He fell 'neath a thrust of Henry's lance;
Now I, by his gracious favor, am
  A knight and peer of France.

## THE COURT OF ALHAMAR.

In the palace of the Moor
Once I stayed till closèd door
Made me prisoner. O'er the floor
  Shadows crept in blotch and bar.
In that stillness as of death,
Fearfully I held my breath,
Prayed to Christ of Nazareth,
  From the court of Alhamar.

Twisted columns round me stood,
Arched by domes of sandal-wood,
Through whose arabesques I could
  See the twinkle of a star,
Mirrored bright and fanciful,
Deep within the waters cool
Of the marble-circled pool,
  In the court of Alhamar.

While without, the evening breeze
Sang among the olive trees
Songs like dreamland litanies,
  And the crescent moon afar
Lit the clinging robes of Night
With a pearly, silvery light,
Made the checkered pavement bright,
  In the court of Alhamar.

Then a something seemed to creep
O'er me, and I fell asleep,
Into slumber long and deep;
  And I saw, as from afar,
Visions of another day
When the Sultan there held sway,
Lord of Andalusia,
  In the court of Alhamar.

From the river far below,
Through the night the torches glow,
As the turbaned warriors go
  On mincing mule or prancing mare,
By the rose and myrtle bowers—
Paths bedight with palms and flowers,
To the frowning vermeil towers
  And the court of Alhamar.

Women chanting low and sweet,
From the portals throng to meet
The cavalcade, with dancing feet.
  Culverin, and wild fanfare
Of brazen trumpet, from the walls
Through the night a welcome calls,
With echoes filling all the halls
  In the court of Alhamar.

Over all the cymbals clang,
Through it all the harp strings twang.
On the moonlit pavement rang
  Sandal-foot and scimitar.

Rattling drums and tambourine,
Fluttering banners, black and green,
Blended in the gorgeous scene
At the court of Alhamar.

As the tinkling fountains played,
Forth there came a beauteous maid
In the lighest robes arrayed;
Danced to lute and dulcimer;
Spun on toe and waved her hand
While the breeze her garments fanned,
Danced the Moorish saraband
In the court of Alhamar.

Then as if a flaming dart
Pierced the center of my heart,
I awakened with a start;
Waked and heard a light guitar,
Tuned to words of serenade
By some ardent lover made,
Floating from the laurel shade
Through the court of Alhamar.

Then the Night fled with her cares.
Through the ambient morning airs
Fell the muezzin's call to prayers;
And the sun in splendor rare
Upward sailed on azure seas
O'er the snow-capped Pyrenees,
Lighting up the cypress trees
And the court of Alhamar.

## THE SIRENS.

Over the wine-dark sea
  Drifted the hollow ship;
Each sluggish wave that met the prow
  Kissed it with pallid lip.
Then fell a witching calm,
  The sails clung to the mast,
And perfume sweet as balm
  O'er all the deep was cast.

Before the waking dawn
  The haunting shadows fled
Out from the keel-cut sea
  To seas unharvested.
The sun pearled every comb
  Of the curling beach-caught waves;
And strains from wind-kissed shell
  Stole out from tide-washed caves.

Up from the flowery meads
  Enchanting music rolled,
As rich and strong as wine
  To revelers uncontrolled.
Ah! fair the sirens seemed
  To eyes of ship-lost men,
Their souls filled to eternity
  By joys that once had been.

As honey sweet their words,
  Like wine their melody
Of longing, passion, love,
  Of endless ecstasy,
From wooing lips they fell,
  While white hands beckoned near;
Could mortals pass the Siren's call,
  "Come rest and slumber here?"

"Oh, sailor, here is rest,
  Here endless joy and bliss;
Come lie upon this breast,
  These lips are lips unkissed.
Thy soul shall pleasure know
  In arms that never tire,
Warmed by the sacred glow
  Of Love's eternal fire.

"Here in the cooling shade
  Where perfumed fountains play
Mid flowers that never fade
  We'll while the hours away.
The loving-cup I'll fill
  While you the nectar sip,
Ambrosia I'll distil
  To tempt thine eager lip.

"And when the shadows ride
  Athwart the bending sky,
On rose-leaves at thy side
  I through the night will lie,

And kiss thine eyes awake
  Ere rosy-fingered Morn
Her golden bells shall shake
  To rouse Hyperion.

"Through meads of asphodel
  Or by the purling brook,
Old tales of love I'll tell,
  While in its depths we'll look;
Or listen to the birds
  Whose wondrous minstrelsy
By glade and grove is heard,
  Oh, sailor, come to me."

Over the wine-dark deep
  Echoed the Siren's song;
The black and hollow ship,
  Enchanted, sailed along.
The silver paddles churned
  The green sea-waves to foam,
But the rowers never turned
  From toil and thoughts of home.

APR 20 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

APR 20 1911

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 973 980 6